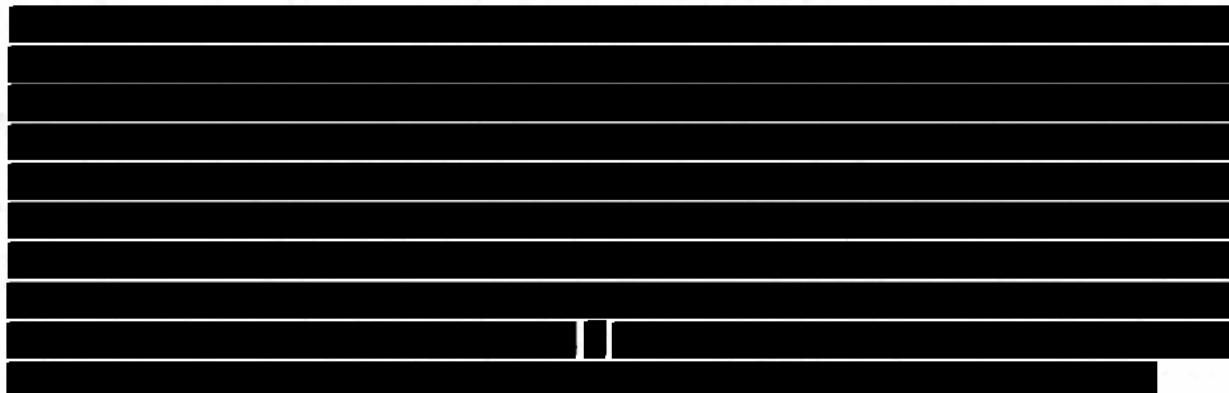

EXHIBIT C

May 10, 2022

Dear Honorable Judge Furman:

I am writing to you as the ex-wife, co-parent, and forever family member of Michael Avenatti. As you can imagine, the last several years have been beyond traumatic for me, my daughters, and my entire family as we have watched Michael's entire life be condensed down to an unrecognizable sad, short, tragic chapter focusing on a few things versus a complete and complex novel that we know and feel deserves to be told and understood. I hope I can share some details that will give you a better understanding of the complete story and not just this excerpt of his life.

In March of 1992, I met a young man on a financial hardship leave from University of Pennsylvania as a result of his father's forced retirement. Michael grew up in middle America with a stay-at-home mom, and a dad who worked for corporate America. His father's dedication to his career led to several moves throughout the US and Michael often had a hard time adjusting. Michael was relentlessly teased about his lazy eye before he eventually had surgery to correct it. Moving from places like Colorado to Missouri came with a bit of culture shock and it took him time to assimilate and figure out the "right" clothing and vernacular. Kids are relentless and it was hard for him to fit in and make friends. After four states and more than 25 years of service, Michael's father was dealt a devastating blow and forced into an early retirement and Michael was shown the door of his family home. He left his home for college virtually penniless and with a mother who would not cooperate with the educational system to enable him to secure the proper financial aid to fund his education.



Michael's father's forced retirement would cement Michael's career path. Michael was determined to finish his college degree and then attend law school. In order to pay for his education, Michael worked for a political consulting firm. He was living in a guest room of a campaign manager in Philadelphia when we met. Michael had a brown briefcase, two pairs of khaki pants, and a few polo shirts to his name. Michael worked tirelessly advancing political candidates as well as important causes and referendums. The people and causes he advocated for required immense dedication and sacrifice; Saturday night stays to save on airfare, minimal food budgets, and cheap motels.

In the first months of our relationship, my 47-year-old mother was diagnosed with a terminal heart condition. Michael was an invaluable asset to my family putting his research skills to work and helping to secure the care my mother needed. I gave up my apartment, and Michael and I moved into my parent's home to help care for her. In order to complete his degree, with the ultimate plan of him attending law school, we formulated a plan to marry in 1994 and work multiple jobs while living with my parents. Through our hard work, and his exceptional academic record, Michael was able to start law school at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. My red, stick-shift Volkswagen Jetta with manual windows and I worked tirelessly over the next years to assist Michael, as he worked full-time and attended evening classes to earn his degree. These years were filled with challenges, illnesses, surgeries and the untimely and tragic deaths of several close family members, including my mother and grandmother. Financially we were barely making ends meet - Popeye's after church on Sundays, was our splurge of the week using a buy one get one coupon. Despite these challenges, in May 2000, Michael attended his law school graduation. Sadly, his mother and father opted not to attend exacerbating his childhood wounds. Michael was so grateful for the opportunity afforded him by George Washington University he set up a scholarship in trial advocacy there.

After graduation, Michael and I moved to the West Coast for him to start his career with a large law firm and me as a litigation claims adjuster. We rented an apartment and busied ourselves with our careers, recruitment activities with the firm, friends, and we were involved with many charities that were close to our hearts such as Make-A-Wish and Zen Hospice. In 2002, we started our family welcoming our daughter Lauren. In Lauren's baby book, there is a letter of apology from the head of the business litigation department where our first family picture should be. One of the drawbacks of being an associate in a large firm was that Michael was sent to the east coast for trial preparation and missed Lauren's birth, which destroyed him. He heard her first cries over an airplane phone. Shortly after our first daughter's birth, Michael left the large law firm and went to work for a boutique litigation firm, where he achieved great successes for the firm's clients. In 2004, we welcomed our second child, [REDACTED] but the stresses of extremely long workdays coupled with business travel (both domestic and international), deposition schedules and long trials throughout the country started to crack our foundation.

Ultimately, we separated in 2006 and divorced in 2007. Despite our divorce our commitment to our family remained steadfast. As a now expanded team of parents, Michael was a loving and dedicated father and played an instrumental role in his daughters' lives. As with any relationship married or divorced, we had disagreements, yet we were always able to put the needs of our children ahead of ourselves and co-parent amicably. My current husband, Michael and I have been able to sit at funerals, weddings and school functions together cohesive family unit and provide stability and support to our children. We all share the sentiment that we are one united family. Together we have raised two beautiful, educated, hardworking, caring and compassionate daughters. Our [REDACTED] in particular, has been inspired since childhood to help others and plans to go into a career of service as a speech pathologist.

The last several years have been incredibly stressful. Sometime in 2017, Michael's world and by association our world started to shift. I've known Michael for 30 years and that was the only time I ever had trouble getting in touch with him. With constant threats to his safety, I would have to reach out to his office staff to make sure he was alive because he was traveling and working so much. Michael was used to working an intense high-stress job, but this was something entirely new and in a category of its own. Being in the spotlight came with a whole different set of pressures. All of that weighed heavily on his shoulders.

None of us could have expected the last four years to go the way they did. The most recent chapter has been particularly painful for our family. The impact has been catastrophic. Michael is obviously not in a position to pay child support. This has been a real financial strain, especially with our eldest going to college and our second hopefully following in her footsteps. He's missed milestone events - graduations, proms, and other once in a lifetime moments. Even when he was on home incarceration he missed so much and now that he is in prison, I know the list of missed events will sadly keep growing. My mother died prematurely; I know you have to value your family while you have them. I'll never forget how Michael supported me through that time. It's why my family and I will continue to be there for him. This is my life, this is Lauren's life and it is [REDACTED] life, and we value Michael as an important part of our lives. In times of need you see who's in your corner. I email with him every other day, he calls a few times a week, and I visit him when I can. He checks in with the girls regularly and makes sure we are all okay.

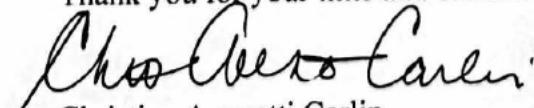
I share this background with you in hopes that you will see a bit of the Michael Avenatti I know - the Michael who worked full-time to educate himself after a family hardship. The Michael who overcame challenge after challenge in his life. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] The Michael who adored his Grams and was at her side after his grandfather's death in his early 50's and cared for her during her final years even being at her bedside when she took her final breath. The Michael that has helped my family and his friends over the years too many times to count. The Michael who helped me grieve and bury my mother and helped my sister get married in our darkest times. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] The Michael who loves his daughters and has always made sure that they know that and value themselves and others. The Michael who his daughters love and want him to remain an active part of their lives.

My sincere hope is that you will take into account the full story of Michael Avenatti when evaluating his sentence and pray there will be chapters worth sharing in the future.

Thank you for your time and consideration.


Christine Avenatti Carlin